

# PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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### OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XXIV.

A NON-DESCRIPT.

It must be understood, that Mrs. Pawlet always carried about her a book of this sort, in which she inserted every thing that occurred to her in reading, or in reflection.—The multifariousness of the composition will then be explained.—Barclay opened it and read:

#### LIBER MEMORIALIS.

THE first of Plutarch's questions relating to the customs of the Romans is, "Why do they command those who are newly married, to touch fire and water?" This he answers philosophically, without ever thinking that fire and water are an admirable type of the agreement of man and wife.

To express marriage, the Ancients used the words, *uxorem ducere*, to lead a wife. And such a term might be very significant in those days; but at present men in general who are about to marry, would, it is probable, express what they were going to do full as well by saying, *I am going to be led by a wife*.

The Aloidés, two sons of Neptune, are said to have grown nine inches every month. I don't understand this. *Mem.* Consult Mr. Pawlet on this subject.

That carriages were never intended for young people, is signified by the word itself,—Carry—age.

Why is one who makes linen smooth by means of a press, said to mangle it, when to mangle is used, meaning to lacerate or tear to pieces?

I envy Miss Herschel her astronomical knowledge. What wonderful things she sees through her telescope. In the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society for 1796, I read a discovery made by Miss Caroline Herschel of a little Comet which had no Nucleus. Happy woman!

There are 4386 bones in the gills of a carp.

DUFARNOX.

In six months I read every Latin book in my library, from *propria quæ maribus* to Lucretius *de naturâ rerum*.

Suky must have originated from some pedant's calling his sweetheart *Suké*, my soul!

Quere.—Whether Domitian, the emperor, amused himself in killing flies or fleas? Suetonius, it is true, says "*muscas*," flies: but Watts, in his fifth edition of his Philosophical Essays on various subjects, tells us, at page 306, they were fleas. I hope for the emperor's sake, they were so.

What does Fuchsius say of health? It is not diet, but exercise that must be attended to. See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

In Switzerland they marry in mourning. An apparel well suited to the mournful occasion!

A good thing I said once.

Some one interceding with a cousin of mine for a foolish blockhead who pretended to be dying in love for her, accused her of hard-heartedness, and asked her if he

died, how she would reconcile it to herself? I directed her to say,

How! very well. His death itself will expiate the crime. Like the shepherd of Theocritus, I shall have sacrificed a CALF to love.

Plato was called originally Aristocles, which name was changed to Plato, on account of his having broad shoulders. We should, therefore, either call him Aristocles, or translate his name thus, as in Addison:

"Broad shoulders, thou reason'st well,"

Ovid, for the same reason, instead of *Naso*, should be called *Nosey*.

Our errand boy is always blundering. I suppose he is called *errand* from *errare*, to err.

Musical men are the pleasing fools of nature; Poets are her glory. The first are all sound; the last combine sound and sense. I talk of happier days! The rage for levelling is now so prevalent that it has even crept in among our poets, who are reduced to the rank of musicians, for they deal in nothing but sound. This difference there is between them however, the latter are the more *pleasing fools* of the two.

The different import the same phrase bears in different countries is remarkable. *Il ait du plomb en sa teste*, He has lead in his head, is a French proverb for a solid, grave, wise man. We mean something very opposite by those words in England.

#### EPIGRAM

On one, who becoming suddenly rich, affected to forget his former acquaintance.

"Forget thee!" Ay, why stares the gaping elf?  
Dost thou not see he has forgot himself?

Some people say of a wit, whom every dullard wishes to degrade, "Oh! hang him, he'd sacrifice any friend for a joke." And this idea is founded on his having cut deeply half a dozen of those dolts, who are pleased to call themselves his friends. But I declare it as my opinion, that one good joke is dearly lost at the expence of a hundred such friends.

Petronius uses *humanior* in the sense of *nobilior*. So it should always be used.—The more *humanity* a man has, the *nobler* he is.

*A gulph without side or bottom! A more terrific idea cannot be conveyed in words so simple and so few.*

It was the opinion of the Talmudists, that Adam had two wives, Lilis and Eve. The children of the former were all devils. Query. Is this breed extinct?

Why are those named *Mary* called *Polly*? There are now many Christian names which are by no means common, and such I imagine *Mary* to have been formerly.—At length so many were thus entitled, that it induced some wag to give them the second name of *Polly*, from the Greek word *poly*, which means *many*.

There! I have no doubt but the reader will think this a sufficient specimen of Mrs. Pawlet's memorandum-book, of which, as her tea, or her physic, a single taste will satisfy most people.

While taking a survey of the library, which was stuffed with biblical knowledge, but, upon the whole, a valuable collection, Barclay heard some one on the stairs, and instantly resumed his occupation.

Presently the door opened, and the parson entered.

"Ah!" said he, looking about, "I tho't my wife would have been gone."

"Yes, sir!" replied Barclay, "she is gone, *Viamque affectat Olympo*."

"Ay, I know that!" returned the parson.

"Do you, sir?" said our hero; "then you know more than I do, for faith, I have no conception where Mrs. Pawlet is gone to."

"Oh! you do not understand,—eh!" he cried;—"she did not explain, then I will. It is an old joke of her's. She calls this vale in which we live, the *Vale of Tempe*, the river which meanders thro' it, *Peneus*, and the two hills, one on each side, *Ossa* and *Olympus*, on the latter of

which she never fails to walk at this hour of the day, to take the air, and indulge the musings of her mind."

Barclay now comprehended her meaning, and smiled.

"But, come," continued Mr. Pawlet, "put up your papers, and let us take the air also. I am going into the village with Pen. and you shall go along with us. You must not drudge here all the day, without some relaxation!"

Barclay thanked him for his kindness, and was soon ready to attend him.

It was the latter end of April, and the May, in the hedges, had filled the air with sweets, when the parson, with Penelope under his arm; who had merely added a straw hat to her dress, accompanied by our hero, and the little grey-hound, bent their steps up the path, towards the church. Barclay felt his heart bound with joy at the happiness of his situation, as he proceeded, conversing with Penelope and the parson on the exquisite beauty of the surrounding scenery. At length they arrived at the church, when they presently espied Mrs. Pawlet, at a great distance, on the summit of Olympus, sitting under a tree, which, the parson said, was a laurel of her own planting.

"But let us go down into the village," added he; "Pen. and I have a poor woman to visit, who is very unwell, and cannot stay to look about us any longer at present, when we have done our duty, we will return."

"And, I am sure," cried Barclay, "you will then both enjoy the prospect with a greater relish, as a reward for your commiseration and benevolence. But if the poor woman is ill," said he, "had you not better call Mrs. Pawlet, and take her with you?"

Penelope smiled, and the parson replied,—“Oh! no, no; she wants no physic. Her mind is distressed thro' poverty and misfortune, and she only needs comfort, and a little pecuniary relief.”

They now descended the hill, and in their way, Mr. Pawlet saying to Penelope that they would afterwards call on his brother, it immediately occurred to Barclay, that he had a letter of recommendation to him. This he instantly intimated to the parson, who said,

"Well, well, then there will be no necessity for me to introduce you. Therefore, while we pay our visit you shall go and pay your's, and we will join you there."

This being settled, and our hero informed that Mr. George Pawlet's house was at

the further end of the village, he left his amiable friends to pursue their charitable work, and set off to deliver his letter.

## CHAP. XXV.

*How to hang a larum so as to make it tell to advantage. —Servants of a new description. —Barclay sees a vision. —The alarming consequence. —A young lady whose face the reader can have no idea of, and why. —Mrs. George explains why her husband can't go to heaven.*

BARCLAY proceeded to the extremity of the village, and then enquiring his way to Mr. Pawlet's, was directed to continue on the road for about a furlong, until he came to a grove of trees, which, said his informer, will lead you to his house.

Barclay obeyed his instructions, and presently arrived at an avenue, which he instantly recollected to have been the place where his fellow-traveller in the stage had alighted, and it immediately struck him, from his manner of talking, that he might be the identical person he was about to visit. This circumstance, though doubtful added to what his friend Von Hein had said of Mr. George Pawlet's family, as being of a very singular description, sharpened his curiosity to become better acquainted with them. Approaching therefore a great gate, at the entrance of this shady walk, which was a considerable distance from the house, he applied his hand to the bell. When, in fairy tales, the hero sounds the bugle of some enchanted castle, and two griffins appear to give him welcome, he is not more astonished than Barclay was at what immediately followed his application to the bell of Mr. Pawlet's house. By some ingenious piece of mechanism, by no means calculated, however, to promote the interests of *peace* and *quiet*, the bell at the gate was connected with every other bell about the premises, and so hung as to ring the changes in excellent time, which they continued to do, to the great astonishment of Barclay, for full five minutes, before any one appeared to demand his business.

It had long puzzled our hero to divine who Penelope's companions were when he saw her at Oxford, and he had not as yet had any opportunity of inquiring. During this musical interval, however, it forcibly suggested itself to him, that he should now get some further intelligence on the subject. With a confusion of uncertain ideas he waited patiently at the gate until the bells terminated their different changes with a grand clash. Nobody came for some seconds after they had ceased, and Barclay began to think of withdrawing, for he was resolv-

ed not to touch *that* bell any more, let what would happen; and indeed it seemed unnecessary, for if they could not hear twenty bells, that rung throughout the whole place for five minutes together, there appeared but little chance of gaining an audience by repetition. He did not remain long, however, in suspense. An odd looking man, a servant, opened the gate, and in a kind of recitative tone of voice, inquired his pleasure.

Barclay smiled, and replied, that he wished to see Mr. Gorge Pawlet, or, if he was not in the way, any other part of the family.

His curiosity was so much excited, that he was determined not to go away without some further satisfaction.

"Follow, follow me!" said, or rather sung the fellow, in the same strain he had used before.

Barclay obeyed, and followed his guide up the avenue, which he perceived to be crowded with Apollos, Pans, &c. until he came to the hall-door of a very large mansion. Here, the servant, having learnt his name, breathed it in a soft tone into the hall, which was instantly echoed by a second, a little louder, and soon after returned by a third, in a deeper tone. After bandying about the name of Barclay Temple, and making a sort of catch of it, which lasted two minutes, he was permitted to pass through several rooms, until he came to an anti-chamber, when his ears were saluted by a perfect concert. No one appeared but a man, apparently the butler, who muttered in the same recitative style, as his fellow-servant, "My lady cannot see you yet."

The concert lasted about a quarter of an hour, which time Barclay employed in examining the room, and contemplating some beautiful paintings of the old masters. He was, indeed, not only an amateur of the graphic art, but in no slight degree a professor; having learnt to draw when very young, and being remarkably attached to it, he had made considerable progress in the study. A *Venus* had riveted his attention, and he had placed one chair upon another to observe it closer, and to enter into all its beauties; when, not thinking of the tottering state of his supporters, and moving something too much on one side, they all came to the ground together, with a crash that did not at all harmonize with the concert in the adjoining room. The instruments were all silent, and the servant was immediately summoned to know the cause of this discordant interruption. The man informed his mis-

tre of the fact, and at the same time introduced our hero to apologize for himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,  
SIR,

I TAKE the liberty, through the medium of your paper, (as I have ever indeed found it a *repository* of usefulness and instruction) to request the opinion of some conscientious, but not superstitious person, upon some of the amusements and pleasures of the day, as to their propriety or impropriety; or, in fact, as has been asserted by some, their criminality or sinfulness. Having a propensity, as most young persons have, to pleasure, I have come to the determination to be guided by the opinion that I shall draw from a fair argumentation of the subject, by some one of your able correspondents; and I do assure you, that I will not be partial in my opinion, by any means, but quite the reverse.

One of the amusements in particular, *viz.* BILLIARDS, I wish very much to be determined about; whether, when merely played to spend an idle hour or for amusement, without making the smallest bet whatever on the game, it can, with any propriety be called a sin? It has been so called, and I have heard it asserted that to play the game in the manner above stated, was actually a sin. Now I am so blind at present, that I cannot see where the sin lies. I do confess, that if any sum of money whatever be staked upon the game, that it becomes a crime; because then it becomes gambling, and consequently will flush the winner with hope, and draw him from step to step, until at last it may end in his total ruin. Perhaps you may say, for that very reason it should be avoided, for fear of being attacked by those very temptations. I answer, He must indeed be a very weak mortal, who has not command enough of himself to refrain from that which he knows to be a crime.

As well might the childish play of marbles be denominated a sin; the two games in themselves are similar, they are both played with balls; the only difference is, that the one are made of common stone, and the other of ivory, and that one is driven forward by the hand, and the other with a stick: now I cannot see why any thing sinful can be attributed to an elephant's tooth more than to a stone, or how

the crime is greater by repelling a ball with a stick instead of the hand; or by playing on a table and in a room, instead of at the corner of a street, and on the ground; and think the greatest sin is to be attributed to the latter game instead of the former.

But I shall say no more on the subject; but wait with patience until some one more able to discuss the point than myself, takes it up; when I hope it will be done with all possible impartiality. Yours, &c.

TEN LOVE.

#### ANECDOTES.

Some one, in search of a physician, met with a man who possessed a secret that had the power of rendering those things visible which the eye could not otherwise perceive. Purchasing this charm, he went to a famous physician: at his door he beheld a crowd—of souls—they were the souls of those he had killed. All the physicians he visited were attended by a number of souls, more or less, and he of course felt no inclination to employ them. At length he was told of one that lived at some distance. At his door he saw only two little souls.—"Ah!" said he to himself, "this physician will do for me—this is a good one." He called upon him. The physician, astonished at seeing him, enquired how he came to know that he lived there? "How!" cried the other, "by means of the high reputation you have acquired." "Reputation!" exclaimed the physician, "why I have been here only eight days, and, as I hope to live, I have had but *two* patients since my arrival!"

On the occasion of a duel which lately took place in New-Jersey, the several spectators who accompanied the parties to the field, together with the two seconds, climbed the trees to be out of harm's way, while they saw fair play.—One of the parties, however, chose to terminate the affair by firing his pistol into the air, a thing unforeseen. The ball passed through the upper limbs of the very tree where the second of his antagonist had taken his post, and who was so much alarmed at the whistling of the bullet, that he fell, and broke his collar bone!—*Happily no lives were lost.*

A Gentleman one day came in upon his nephew, who was amusing himself with his violin—"I am afraid, Charles," says he, "you lose time with this fiddling." "I endeavour, sir, to keep time." "Don't you rather kill time?" "No, I only beat it."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*"Train up a child in the way he should go,  
and when he is old he will not depart from it."*

PROV. XXII. 6.

TO all who have ever reflected on the human mind, the advice of Solomon must appear of the utmost importance. There never was a truth that manifested itself more clear to every observer of human nature, in its progress through life, than the advice of the wise man in the passage above quoted: but what a lamentable consideration is it, that (notwithstanding every parent, endowed with the least reflection, must bear testimony to this truth) so few are found to adopt the wise man's wholesome admonition. Were we to take cognizance of the conduct of mankind in general, we must conclude that the contrary of the above maxim had obtained in the world, and was pursued with the greatest assiduity and vigilance by those who have the important charge of bringing up children in the present day.

Let us for a moment metaphorize the subject.—Of what vast importance is it to a person setting out on a long and dangerous journey, to obtain the best information of the road in which he is to travel, but how much more important is it still, that he should *set out on the right road*: for if he intended travelling toward the east, and by mistake pursues his course, for a considerable time to the west, how irksome and tedious is it for him to trace back his steps: and when much fatigued, and after having wasted much time in the mistaken path, he has to recommence his journey afresh, how discouraged and unprepared will he find himself to prosecute the arduous journey he had intended to accomplish. It is exactly so with youth beginning to travel through the journey of this life; if they are misdirected in their first outset, how many weary and unprofitable steps must they take before they recover the right road; and when they have found it, how far are they behind those who set out aright, and have continued to prosecute their journey? As it cannot be expected that children can instruct themselves in this road, the duty consequently devolves on parents and guardians to give the proper direction, and in the words of Solomon, "train up a child in the way that he should go;" and the more so, as for this very forcible and cogent reason, because, "when he is old he will not depart from it." It is well known that the deepest and most lasting impressions are made

on the mind in early life;—and that bias it takes, or those prejudices it imbibes in youth, are the most difficult to be eradicated. How careful then ought parents to be in inculcating the principles of industry, honesty, honour, probity, benevolence, &c. early in the infant mind. But, alas! how seldom do we see this duty carefully performed in this day of modern refinement! How often rather do we see these propitious moments of youth totally neglected and overlooked!—Would I could stop here; but alas, the catastrophe is yet untold! How often do we see this important season of youth prostituted to idle and useless purposes, that are little less than criminal! I say little less than criminal; because the child is robbed of an opportunity that never can be regained. It is well known, that a child can pursue but one object at a time with avidity and profit; and the prevailing object will be that which most strongly engages the passions. Hence we find children anticipating and calculating upon the pleasures of the succeeding day, as if the whole soul had no other object in pursuit. How culpable then are those parents, who, instead of cultivating this favourable season, to store the mind with useful knowledge, and to impress it with pious truths and just principles, are encouraging their children (especially that sex which claims their greatest solicitude) to attend Balls, Plays, &c. two or three times a week! and too often to waste the remainder of it, in learning to be musicians! instead of furnishing their minds with that useful knowledge, which alone can fit them for their future stations in life, and make them good members of society. What a fatal mistake is this in parents, if they think these accomplishments will recommend them to an advantageous connexion in life.

Where is the man of sense that would ever prefer a woman for her dancing and music, to one who has the accomplishment of a well informed and sentimental mind, and a discreet housewife? However men may flatter them for their fashionable accomplishments, few are silly enough to prefer them for wives.

It will be said, that young ladies may not only be accomplished in music and dancing, but obtain at the same time all the other necessary qualifications to become good wives, good mothers, and useful members of society. I deny the assertion, and will maintain, that if due attention is paid to *music and dancing*, the mind will be unfitted in a great measure to improve itself in other more necessary and more essential accomplishment. —But should the assertion be granted, yet

the words of Solomon as fully apply in the negative position as in the positive: for a child trained up in the way it should *not* go, will be as liable to pursue the same path, as the child trained up in the way he *should* go.

It may also be said that dancing gives them a grace and elegance in walking, &c. I grant it, and I admire that grace and elegance in the female carriage; but I would ask, if that grace and elegance, cannot be obtained at a much cheaper rate than the waste of so much precious time, and the loss of those embellishments of the mind that are of such vastly superior importance! independent of that vanity and folly which are the constant concomitants of such acquisitions.—In communicating these observations to the public I would not be understood as intending to give any offence; if I am erroneous in what I have advanced, I trust some person better acquainted with the subject will in candour set me right.

Much more might have been said on the disadvantages and impropriety of such a mode of bringing up youth; but enough at present. O\*\*\*\*\*.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*"The best way to learn any Art or Science is to begin with a regular system."*

WATTS.

TO be convinced that the first principles of all arts and sciences are, or ought to be esteemed as highly important and deeply interesting, we need only to appeal to those who have been conspicuously eminent in the various departments of learning. Their experience will inform us, that for advancement in every branch of science, the foundation, in order to be solid and lasting, must be laid in a thorough knowledge of the first rules, or fundamental principles; and that this knowledge must necessarily be obtained by the student upon his first entering his career in the field of science. As early impressions are generally deep and permanent, it is of the highest importance that they be made by a skilful artist, and be of the fairest and most useful kind; otherwise the whole progress of the pupil will be but one series of random, doubt, error, uncertainty, and confusion. Where the foundation is laid by a masterly hand; when good principles and regular habits are rooted and firmly fixed; when the path in which the learner is to tread, is plainly prescribed, and fairly delineated, he may advance with safety, firmness and ease, pursue his art with pleasure, satisfaction and utility,

and will not fail to arrive, in a short time, to a grade of distinguished eminence.

From these reflections, we are naturally led to take a view of those talents and qualifications which it is requisite that a teacher should possess, in order that the result of his labours may be proficiency and advantage to the pupil, as well as satisfaction and reputation to himself. Hence it will appear in the most striking light, that it is of the highest importance that he have full, comprehensive, distinct and clear ideas of the art he proposes to teach, in all and every of its branches and parts; and that he be able, in a methodical, impressive and masterly manner, to communicate, with ease and perspicuity, those fundamental and leading principles which are to direct and guide his pupil in the path of science.

Self-evident as these positions are, it is no less a lamentable truth proved by daily observation and painful experience, that in many of the arts and sciences, numerous are the instances of those who profess to teach that with which they themselves are but partially and superficially acquainted. But, how glaringly absurd must be the supposition, that any person who has only an *imperfect* knowledge of an art or science, can possibly teach, or communicate it *perfectly* to another? Miserable, indeed, must be that guide who is ignorant of the art he professes! and doubly miserable the ill-fated person who is under his tutelage, and who, like a vessel without compass and rudder, is eternally exposed to the mercy of chance and uncertainty, and liable to be shipwrecked in the vortices of ignorance and despair!

The preceding observations, it will be evident, appear to have no specific object as their point: the reader is, therefore, respectfully informed, that they are designed merely as preliminary to an intended *Series of Essays on the Science of Music*; in order to prepare his mind for some remarks, which will incidentally arise out of the subject, and which, as they would be referable to some introduction, could only be illustrated or corroborated by it as a foundation.

PYTHAGORICUS.

#### FATAL EFFECTS OF GAMING;

O R,

#### THE HISTORY OF MISS BRADDOCK.

A TRUE STORY.

Miss Frances Braddock was descended from one of the best families in England, and came into possession of a large fortune upon her sister's decease. She had early

in life been introduced into the best company, and contracted a passion for elegance and expence. It is usual to make the heroine of a story very witty and very beautiful; and such circumstances are so surely expected, that they are scarce attended to. But whatever the finest poet could conceive of wit, or the most celebrated painter imagine of beauty, were excelled in the perfections of this young lady. Her superiority was allowed by all who had either seen or heard her. She was naturally gay, generous to a fault, good-natured to the highest degree, affable in conversation; and some of her letters and other writings, as well in verse as prose, would have shone amongst those of the most celebrated wits of this or any other age, had they been published.

But these great qualifications were marked by another, which lessened the value of them all:—she was imprudent! But let it not be imagined that her reputation or honour suffered by her imprudence; I only mean, she had no knowledge of the use of money; she relieved distress, by putting herself into the circumstances of the object whose wants she supplied.

She was arrived at the age of nineteen, when the crowd of her lovers, and the continual repetition of new flattery, had taught her to think she could never be forsaken, and never poor. Young ladies are apt to expect a certainty of success from a number of lovers; and yet I have seldom seen a girl courted by an hundred lovers, that found an husband in any. Before the choice is fixed, she has either lost her reputation, or her sense; and the loss of either is sufficient to consign her to perpetual virginity.

Among the number of this young lady's lovers, was the celebrated S—, who at that time went by the name of the Good-natured Man. This gentleman, with talents that might have done honour to humanity, suffered himself to fall into the lowest state of debasement. He followed the dictates of every new passion; his love, his pity, his generosity, and even his friendships, were all in excess. He was unable to make head against any of his sensations or desires, but they were in general worthy wishes and desires, for he was constitutionally virtuous. This gentleman, who at last died in a jail, was at that time this lady's envied favourite.

It is probable that he, thoughtless creature, had no other prospect from this amour, than that of passing the present moments agreeable, he only courted dissipation; but the lady's thoughts were fixed on happiness. At length, however, his debts

amounting to a considerable sum, he was arrested, and thrown into prison. He endeavoured at first to conceal his situation from his beautiful mistress; but she soon came to a knowledge of his distress, and took a fatal resolution of freeing him from confinement, by discharging all the demands of his creditors.

Mr. N— was at this time in London, and represented to the thoughtless young lady, that such a measure would effectually ruin both; that so warm a concern for the interests of Mr. S—, would in the first place quite impair her fortune in the eyes of our sex, and what is worse, lessen her reputation in those of her own. He added, that thus bringing Mr. S— from prison would be only a temporary relief; that a mind so generous as his, would become bankrupt under the load of gratitude; and instead of improving in friendship or affection, he would study to avoid a creditor he could never repay; that though small favours produce good will, great ones destroy friendship. These admonitions, however, were disregarded, and she too late found the prudence and truth of her adviser. In short, her fortune was by this means exhausted, and, with all her attractions, she found her acquaintance began to dis-esteem her in proportion as she became poor.

In this situation she accepted Mr. N—'s invitation of returning to Bath; he promised to introduce her to the best company there, and he assured her that her merit would do the rest. Upon her very appearance ladies of the highest distinction courted her friendship and esteem; but a settled melancholy had taken possession of her mind, and no amusements that they could propose were sufficient to divert it. Yet still, as if from habit, she followed the crowd in its levities, and frequented those places where all persons endeavour to forget themselves in the bustle of ceremony and show.

Her beauty, her simplicity, and her unguarded situation, soon drew the attention of a designing wretch, who at that time kept one of the rooms at Bath, and who thought that this lady's merit, properly managed, might turn to good account. This woman's name was Dame Lindsey, a creature who, though vicious, was in appearance sanctified; and though designing, had some wit and humour. She began by the humblest assiduity to ingratiate herself with Miss Braddock; shewed that she could be amusing as a companion, and by frequent offers of money proved that she could be useful as a friend. Thus by degrees she gained an entire ascendant over this poor, thoughtless, deserted girl; and in less than

one year, Miss Braddock, without ever transgressing the laws of virtue, had entirely lost her reputation. Whenever a person was wanting to make up a party for play at Dame Lindsey's, Sylvia, as she was then familiarly called, was obliged to suffer all those slights which the rich but too often let fall upon their inferiors in point of fortune.

In most, even the 'greatest minds, the heart at last becomes level with the meanness of its condition; but in this charming girl it struggled hard with adversity, and yielded to every incroachment of contempt with sullen reluctance.

But though in the course of three years she was in the very eye of public inspection, yet Mr. Wood the architect avers, that he could never, by the strictest observations, perceive her to be tainted with any other vice, than that of suffering herself to be decoyed to the gaming table, and, at her own hazard, playing for the amusement and advantage of others. Her friend, Mr. N—, therefore thought proper to induce her to break off all connections with Dame Lindsey, and to rent part of Wood's house, in Queen's-Square, where she behaved with the utmost complaisance, regularity and virtue.

In this situation her detestation of life continued; she found that time would infallibly deprive her of part of her attractions, and that continued solitude would impair the rest. With these reflections she would frequently entertain herself, and an old faithful maid, in the vales of Bath, whenever the weather would permit them to walk out\*. She would even sometimes start questions in company, with seeming unconcern, in order to know what act of suicide was easiest, and which was attended with the smallest pain. When tired with exercise, she generally retired to meditation, and she became habituated to early hours of sleep and rest. But when the weather prevented her usual exercise, and her sleep was thus more difficult, she made it a rule to rise from her bed, and walk about her chamber, till she began to find an inclination for repose.

This custom made it necessary for her to order a candle to be kept all night in her room. And the maid usually, when she withdrew, locked the chamber door, and pushing the key beyond reach, her mistress by that constant method lay undisturbed till seven o'clock in the morning; then she

\* A contemporary writer says she had been heard to say, after the last stroke given to her fortune, that no one should be ever sensible of her necessities, were they at the last extremity.

arose, unlocked the door, and rang the bell as a signal for the maid to return.

Mr. Wood and part of his family were gone to London; Miss Braddock was left with the rest as a governess at Bath. She sometimes saw Mr. N—, and acknowledged the friendship of his admonitions, though she refused to accept any other marks of his generosity than that of advice. Upon the close of the day in which Mr. Wood was expected to return from London, she expressed some uneasiness at the disappointment of not seeing him; took particular care to settle the affairs of his family; and then, as usual, sat down to meditation. She now cast a retrospect over her past misconduct, and her approaching misery: she saw that even affluence gave her no real happiness, and from indignance she thought nothing could be hoped but lingering calamity. She at length conceived the fatal resolution of leaving a life, in which she could see no corner for comfort, and terminating a scene of imprudence in suicide.

Thus resolved, she sat down to her dining-room window, and with cool intrepidity wrote the following elegant lines on one of the panes of the window:

"Oh, Death! thou pleasing end of human woe!  
Thou cure for life!—thou greatest good below!  
Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,  
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave."\*

She then went into company with the most cheerful serenity, talked of indifferent subject till supper, which she ordered to be got ready in a little library belonging to the family. There she spent the remaining hours, preceding bed-time, in dandling too of Mr. Wood's children on her knees. In retiring from thence to her chamber, she went into the nursery, to take her leave of another child, as it lay sleeping in a cradle. Struck with the innocence of the little babe's looks, and the consciousness of meditated guilt, she could not avoid bursting into tears, and hugging it in her arms; she then bid her servant good night, for the first time she had ever done so, and went to bed as usual.

It is probable she soon quitted her bed, and was seized with an alternation of passions, before she yielded to the impulse of despair. She dressed herself in clean lin-

\* On reading these lines, a gentleman could not avoid exclaiming—

"Oh, dice! ye false diverters of our woe!  
Ye waste of life, ye greatest curse below!  
May ne'er good sense again become your slave;  
Nor your false charms allure and cheat the brave!"—

en, and white garments of every kind, like a bride-maid. Her gown was pinned over her breast, just as a nurse pins the swaddling clothes of an infant. A pink silk girdle was the instrument with which she resolved to terminate her misery, and this was lengthened by another made of gold thread. The end of the former was tied with a noose, and the latter with three knots, at a small distance from one another.

Thus prepared she sat down again and read; for she left the book open at that place in the story of *Olympia* in the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, where, by the perfidy and ingratitude of her bosom friend, she was ruined, and left to the mercy of an unpitying world. This fragical event gave her fresh spirits to go through her fatal purpose; so standing upon a stool, and flinging the girdle, which was tied round her neck, over a closet door that opened into her chamber, she remained suspended. Her weight, however, broke the girdle, and the poor despairer fell upon the floor with such violence, that her fall awakened a workman, that lay in the house, about half an hour after two o'clock.

Recovering herself, she began to walk about the room as her usual custom was when she wanted sleep; and the workman, imagining it to be only some ordinary accident, again went to sleep. She once more, therefore, had recourse to a stronger girdle, made of silver thread, and this kept her suspended till she died.

Her old maid continued in the morning to wait as usual for the ringing of the bell, and protracted her patience, hour after hour, till two o'clock in the afternoon; when the workman at length entering the room, through the window, found their unfortunate mistress hanging, and quite cold. The coroner's jury being impannelled, brought in their verdict *Lunacy*; and her corpse was next night decently buried in her father's grave at the charge of a female companion, with whom she had for many years an inseparable intimacy.

Thus ended a female wit, a toast, and a gamester; loved, admired, and forsaken. Formed for the delight of society, fallen by imprudence into an object of pity,

\* She was kept just suspended, till the natural struggles for life tortured her to death; and, in dying, made her bite her own tongue through in several places. When life had left her body it stretched to such a degree, that her ancles-bone touched the floor of the room; and her hand was so strongly clinched about the key of the door, that the strength of her arm must have operated against her neck during the whole time of her dying.

Hundreds in high life lamented her fate, and wished, when too late, to redress her injuries. They who once helped to impair her fortune, now regretted that they had assisted in so mean a pursuit. The little effects that she had left behind, were bought up, with the greatest avidity, by those who desired to preserve some token of a companion that once had given such delight. The remembrance of every virtue she was possessed of, was now improved by pity. Her former follies were few; but the last swelled them to a large amount: and remains the strongest instance to posterity, that want of prudence alone almost cancels every other virtue.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### The Dessert.

SONNET XIX.

#### ON FEMALE BENEFICENCE.

*Her hand, beneficent and kind,  
Of wipes the tears from sorrow's eye.*

F. HOPEKINSON.

To Mrs. M——

IF, for the ills of life, the heart expand,  
While Sympathy her tearful tribute pays;  
And if Benevolence deserve our praise,—  
What greater praises claims the liberal  
hand?—

When that soft sensibility benign,  
Which glows within the virtuous female's  
breast,  
Raises the drooping, comforts the distressed,  
And grateful scatters round its beams di-  
vine—  
As thus Beneficence imparts its pow'r,  
Sickness and Sorrow, Poverty and Woe,  
Feel the full heart with gratitude o'er-  
flow,  
The giver bless, and Providence adore.

SYLVIA, accept the lay—'tis justly due  
To Goodness, to Beneficence and You.  
AMYNTOR.

An Indian Prince one day desirous to try the sincerity of his courtiers, ordered an infusion of tobacco to be served up instead of coffee. As soon as they had tasted it, they looked at each other with amazement, and then cast a timid glance towards their master, who took his cup, and praised it highly. "Excellent! excellent!" re-echoed the courtiers, and they drank their portions to the dregs. Such is the nature of courtiers, and such men there are under all masters.

## PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 20, 1802.

There is no class of men, in the common pursuits of life, exposed to more dangers than seamen; and there is none perhaps, that experience more remarkable escapes and deliverances. These are often so surprising as to excite wonder and astonishment. We think the following recent example worthy of being recorded.—A young lad on board the ship *Wilmington* (which arrived at this port on Monday last) in her passage from Lisbon, fell overboard one day in a heavy sea. He was immediately discovered, but the ship was making way so fast, that he was distanced at least a mile and half before she could be brought too, and the boat thrown out. By this time those on the deck had entirely lost sight of him; but a man from the mast-head still thought he could perceive him beating among the waves; and though it was deemed doubtful whether the boat could live in such a rough sea, yet the crew generously determined to make an effort to save him. The boat set off, the man at the mast-head directing their course as near as he could. They however, passed some distance beyond him; when halloaing "Bill," the lad made an effort and raised himself, by which means he was discovered, and taken in. Being an excellent swimmer, he had had the address and presence of mind to take off all his clothes in the water, jacket, trowsers, and shoes, and was stripped to the shirt. This circumstance, taken in connection with the time he must have struggled with the boisterous waves, is truly astonishing; and more especially considering his youth, being only about 15 years of age. He is a son of Mr. James Hines, resident of Southwark.

### Marriages.

*Come, ruby-lip, rosy-check, dimpling young beauties,  
Now Hymen is waiting to teach you Love's duties;  
Quick choose out your partners, and seize on life's  
treasures,  
Remember, in youth and health are your best pleasures.*  
AMYNTOR.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Green, Mr. U. G. Garret of Delaware, to Miss Elizabeth Brooks, of this city...On the 13th, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Israel Jones, to Miss Susannah Bell...Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Helmuth, Mr. Adolph Eringhaus, merchant of Hamburgh, to Mrs. Susannah Lauffer, of this city.

—At Mr. Breton's place, on the 17th, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. B. Cenas, to Miss Catharine Paulina Baker, both of this city.

—At Woodbury, (N. J.) on the 12th inst. by Jonathan Harker, Esq. Mr. William Marchon, aged sixty-seven years, to Miss Ann Walters, aged sixteen!

—On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. John Trump, to Miss Rachel Whitton, both of Lower Dublin Township.

### Deaths.

*The Wits affect to smile at Heaven and Hell,  
Mark, how they tremble at the funeral knell.  
Man's best support, must, hence, religion be,  
Thro' life, in death, and for eternity.*

AMYNTOR.

DIED, at Dover, on the 4th inst. John Vining, Esq. member of the Senate of Delaware.

—At Fort-James (Georgia) on the 1st ult. Dr. William A. M'Crea, late from Philadelphia.

—At his seat in Andover, Massachusetts, after a lingering and painful illness, the Hon. Samuel Philips, lieutenant governor of that commonwealth.

—At Barbadoes, on the 25th of December, Mrs. Hustler, wife of Mr. William Hustler, and daughter of George Mead, Esq. all of this city.

—At Georgetown, on the night of the 10th inst. Mrs. Rebecca Stoddart, the wife of Major Benjamin Stoddart, late secretary of the Navy of the United States of America.

—At Baltimore, on the 15th inst. Mrs. Ann Eleanor Williamer, aged one hundred and three years, three months, and fourteen days!

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Lines on the Winter of 1796,"—"Elegy to the memory of the Author's Father,"—"Sonnet to Hope," and other poetical effusions will appear as soon as possible.

"The Commentator, No. 25," and "The Lazy Preacher," will be given in succession.—Morality is good, very good,—most excellent; but in a publication such as the Repository, variety is indispensibly necessary—hence the delay.

T. W. de la Tienda's reply to J. C's last communication on the subject of the Muses, does not appear to throw any new light upon it: in fact the subject seems to be exhausted, and its further prosecution would only prove irksome to the reader.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 17th payment of 25 cents, will be collected on Saturday next by the Carriers.

# TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,  
The following poetical effusion was not the mere exuberance of imagination, but occasioned by a matter of fact; and as such I present it to you. If you think it worthy a place in your useful Repository, the insertion will oblige  
A SUBSCRIBER.

## ADDRESS

OF A MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

SLEEP on my babe, in gentle slumber sleep,  
For lo! thy mother sits attendant by,  
To guard thy couch with watchfulness, and keep  
From thee, each fly that hovers buzzing nigh.

Thy youthful breast as yet to care unknown,  
Soon must the poignant sting of sorrow swell;  
For who can claim that happiness their own,  
Which gen'rous souls can't find tho' acting well?

When first thy mind begins like Sol to shine,  
And ope with splendor as his morning rays;  
Then shall the pleasing, tender task be mine,  
To teach thy lisping lips a song of praise

To HIM, who ever bounteous, ever good,  
Dispenses blessings with "unsparing hand;"  
Who fills the mouths of ev'ry one with food,  
And scatters plenty o'er our happy land.

To guide thy steps in wisdom's sacred walk,  
Shall ever be thy mother's sweet employ;  
Thy infant pleasures and endearing talk,  
Will cause her grateful heart t' overflow with joy.

"PARENT OF SEASONS" with thy beam-  
ing eye,

Look on my little boy, do thou him guard  
From ev'ry harm, from ev'ry danger nigh,  
And let him claim thy tender, kind regard.

For oh! his father, cruel and unkind,  
Scorn'd the bright dictates parent nature gave,  
Deserted, left his wife and son behind,  
Sought flight, but found a gaping horrid grave.  
AMELIA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

## LINES ON MUSIC.

MUSIC has pow'r to raise, or to controll  
The various passions of the human breast;  
To swell to rage the feelings of the soul,  
Hush them to peace, and lull each care to rest;

Add glowing fervor to devotion's fire,  
Above the world to raise the mind of man;  
To kindle in the bosom soft desire;  
Or fiercest anger's deadly flame to fan.

When the shrill trumpeter's sound invades the ear,

The warrior's breast with brighter courage glows;  
When the soft breathings of the flute we hear,  
Thro' all the soul, the gentle influence flows.

When slow the master strikes the tuneful strings,  
The yielding breast the soft impulse obeys;  
A soft, a low, a mournful strain he sings,  
And saddest feelings in the bosom raise.

Th' obedient soul is wrapt in deepest gloom,  
The solemn sounds call forth the rising sigh;  
But let him livelier, quicker strains resume,  
And joy and transport brighten ev'ry eye.

But who, unmov'd, can hear the pleasing sounds,  
Which oft at midnight burst upon the ear?  
When ev'ry feeling heart with rapture bounds,  
While fav'ring silence reigns thro' all the air.

When cloudless is the sky, tranquil the plain,  
And sweet and fragrant blows the balmy gale,  
Oft do I listen to the pleasing strain,  
Till balmy slumbers o'er my senses steal.

Oh! could I strike the tuneful strings with skill,  
Then, while the summer's gentle gales prevail,  
When nature's wrapt in sleep, and all is still,  
Sweet sounds should float upon the midnight gale:

And as arose the sweet, melodious sound,  
Borne on the air towards the glitt'ring skies,  
Light-wing'd fancy through the air should bound,  
And on her wings th' aspiring soul should rise.

CARLOS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

## A TALE.

'T WAS when the winter frown'd severe,  
And lower'd in the sky;  
When frozen streams and leafless trees  
Struck sullen on the eye:

When herds and flocks no longer graz'd  
Upon the cheerless plain,  
And all the songsters of the woods  
Had quite forgot their strain:

Maria heard the voice of grief  
Steal softly on her ear,  
Which said, in feeble accents sad,  
Oh lady stop and hear!

The lovely maid, of whom distress  
Ne'er ask'd relief in vain,  
Who never heard the tale of grief  
With coldness or disdain,

With kindness turn'd to view the wretch  
Who thus assistance sought,  
While ev'ry feature of her face  
With heav'nly love was fraught.

Forgive me lady, then she cried,  
That I implore relief;

But save a widow from despair,  
And me the child of grief.

She long with sorrow, long has strii'd,  
And now is pinch'd by want;  
The freezing blast blows thro' her hut—  
Oh then assistance grant.

Maria heard, nor heard unmov'd  
This simple tale of woe,  
And while she gave relief, she let  
The tears of pity flow.

And where, poor hapless girl, she cried,  
Does thy poor mother dwell?  
In yonder cot, the girl replied,  
Which borders on the dell.

Then let us go, Maria said,  
To see your mother there—  
And will you go? she cried with joy,  
And save her from despair.

Oh thank you lady—let us haste  
For I've been long away,  
And my poor mother has not eat  
A morsel yet to-day.

Rough was the road, bleak blew the wind,  
As they their path pursu'd,  
The wretched hut was near in sight—  
Sad, cheerless, low and rude.

The wintry storm had torn the thatch  
To ruin going fast,  
While in the casement many a hole  
Gave entrance to the blast.

Arriv'd, Maria view'd with pain,  
The sadness spread around,  
The barren wall, the cheerless hearth,  
The damp and chilly ground.

On the cold earth the mother laid,  
And seem'd the ground to hug,  
Her feeble limbs were cover'd o'er  
With one poor tatter'd rug.

See mother, see! her daughter cried,  
The money I possess,  
And there the blessed lady stands  
Who pitied our distress.

Alas my child! the mother cried,  
It is too late I fear,  
Grief long has press'd, now famine threatens,  
The grave I trust is near.

But who, ah who! she faintly cried,  
My orphan child will shield?  
Ah Henry! Henry! where art thou—  
Fall'n on the hostile field.

She could no more—Maria gaz'd,  
Nor could her heart controll;  
The feeble voice, as if well known,  
Had deeply touch'd her soul.

Do not despair, she sweetly said,  
Nor yet reject relief,  
Heav'n yet may send, in kindness send  
A balm for ev'ry grief.

Rous'd by the sounds the feeble wretch  
Rais'd up her grief-swoln eyes,  
And on Maria piercing gaz'd  
With wonder and surprise.

Almighty Pow'r, she quickly cried,  
Whence was that well-known sound?  
It is, it is, my sister—yes—  
Then swoon'd upon the ground.

CLIO.

(To be Concluded in our next.)